

THE
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

A
COMIC OPERA:

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

SMOKE ALLEY.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

M DCC LXXXVIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

**PEDRILLO,
DON SCIPIO,
DON ALPHONSO,
DON FERDINANDO,
RAMIREZ,
SANGUINO,
PHILLIPO,
SPADO.**

W O M E N.

**DONNA VICTORIA,
CATALINA,
DAME ISABEL,
SIGNIORA LORENZA.**



THE
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE, A Cave.

AIR I.—RAMIREZ *and* BANDITTI.

CHORUS.

HERE, we sons of freedom dwell,
In our friendly rock—hewn cell,
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way;
Ever great and ever free:
Valour guards our liberty.

AIR.

Of severe, and partial laws
Venal judges, Alguazils,
Dreary dungeons, iron jaws,
Oar or gibbet, whips or wheels,
How can we think,
While thus we drink,
Sweet muscadine,
O, life divine!

CHORUS.

Here, we sons of freedom, &c.

Ram. Come, Cavaliers, our confines are low, yet our hearts are high:—Charge your glasses—Bacchus gives the word:—'tis wine makes us mortals noble as the gods—Fire!
(*They drink.*)

Spado. Oh! this is noble firing indeed? I like a volley of grape shot; but pray will you let us have any sky-light in this cave?

Alph. Oh! no, no, no!

Ram. Come put about the toast:—A good booty to us to night.

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Alph. A good booty to us to night?

Spado. Oh! I love to rob a fat priest! stand, priest, says I, and then I knocks him down.

Sang. My nose bleeds; I wonder what colour the blood of a coward is?

Spado. Why, don't you see?

Sang. Heih? do you call me a coward? I'll stab him;— But the scar on my forehead contradicts that.

Spado. The scar on your forehead; when you run away you know, you always look behind you.

Sang. I'll stab him! (*offers to draw*)

Spado. Don't hurt little Spado; I meant no harm.

Sang. Armies have confess'd my valour; the time has been—But no matter.

Ram. Come, come, away with reflections; hand us that red wine there.

A I R II.

Flow thou regale purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam;
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes,
My brain ascends on fancy's wing,
'Noint me wine a jovial King.
While I live I'll love my clay,
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

[*Thunder.*

Alph. Hark! hark!

Ram. How soon we hear the thunder through this vast body of earth and rock!—Rapino—is all safe above?

Rap. Yes!

Ram. Spado, its your turn to relieve the centinel.

Spado. Relieve him—what's the matter with him?

Ram. Come, fire, its your watch.

Spado. My watch! let the wolves watch—I only wish to watch the bottle.

Ram. Come, come, no jestings; to your duty.

[*Another loud clap of thunder.*

Spado. What the devil! do you take me for a salamander.

Ram. Don't you hear?

Spado.

Spado. I've taken up with the first swine's hovel I could find, upon such a night as this.

Ram. Oh! there will be no sport I fear to night, Cavaliers! therefore lock down the trap-doors.

Spado. This being a night of peace, we'll have a dish of olives.

Sang. No, no peace; we'll out and scour the forest, there is a rich old fellow called Don Scipio, lives at the skirts of it: what say you to plundering him to night?

Ram. Not to night! I have my reasons; but where is our prisoner.

Spado. There he lies, with his face so innocent; and yet he took some devilish hard knocks.

Cetto. (*From above, with a lanthorn in his hand.*) A booty! a booty!

Spado. What is it?

Calv. One man; and alone.

Spado. One man, and alone! that's odd: will he fight?

Calv. He seems to be drawing near; his hat bespeaks him noble.

Ram. Get my arms; our carabines, quick! and remove the table (*they all rise and remove the table.*) We will not all go to the attack of one man; leave Spado and me alone, the rest prepare for a general excursion.

[*They separate, and go different ways.*]

Spado. (*Looking over the rail of the stair case.*) Our prisoner seems a good-natured looking man; if my brother rooks will but fly off, I shall have the prize all to myself.

Enter Ramirez.

Ram. Spado! Spado!

Spado. O, Captain, you'd better not let me go first, because I'm always so rash.

Ram. Come on, firrah, leave buffoonery, and to your duty. Halla! Spado! come along you rascal, you are always the last. [*Exit.*]

Spado. Well I'm coming. [*Goes partly up stairs, and steps.*]

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. I find myself very unhappy, to have fallen into the

the hands of these ruffians, while my rival Don Ferdinand, (I fear) if he once reaches Don Scipio's castle, wins my charming Victoria, and I also lose her for ever! but if I could procure an interview, love should plead my cause.

A I R III. *Alphonso.*

The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the roaring wind,
Yet his heart with soft emotion,
Throbs to leave his love behind.

II.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,
Alarming fears paint every danger,
In a rival left at home.

The hardy sailor, &c. &c.

Spado. (*Comes down stairs.*) What is it I see? Our prisoner—(*Aside.*) Thou art a poor bird that sings in this cage. I'll have a little talk with him now they are out of hearing) Ha, ha, ha! I know more of his affairs, than he thinks off. I overheard a servant at an inn speak of him.

Alph. How shall I escape these rascals? [*Aside.*] O! here is one of the gentlemen I see—Pray, sir, may I take the liberty——

Spado. No, truly, you'll not take any liberty here, but upon certain conditions: come, suppose you become one of us; I think you'll make a devilish good thief: nay I don't flatter you: and by good luck we have just got a vacancy, having lately lost one of our troop, a fine bold young youth, he now hangs upon a gibbet, and you shall take his post.

Alph. What! upon the gibbet.

Spado. No! soft and fair, that is a very high post indeed; though I don't doubt your merit, your ingenuity in time may exalt you, give me your hand.

Alph. (*Aside.*) Infamous scoundrel!

Spado.

Spado. Sir, I've a mind to do you a favour, therefore will ask you in the pious spirit of a holy inquisitor.

Alph. This is a very pious abjuration.

Spado. In the devil's name who are you?

Alph. Sir, my name is Alphonso: I am son of an eminent banker at Madrid.

Spado. Oh! oh! I thought he sung like a goldfinch, I'll convince him I know all his affairs, and then I'll hold his purse.

Alph. (*Afide.*) If I trust him, perhaps I may escape by his means—You won't betray me—

Spado. Oh no, there is honour amongst thieves.

Alph. I was going—

Spado. To Don Scipio's Castle upon the confines of this forest—

Alph. Then you know my business?—

Spado. Yes, to Donna Victoria who is contracted.

Alph. Then you know she is contracted.

Spado. Yes, to Don Ferdinando—To the destruction of your hopes. She now waits for nothing but his arrival.

Alph. While I am penned up in this cursed cavern, how got you my story?

Spado. Oh! that is nothing at all, I could let you out of this cavern.

Alph. But will you?

Spado. Oh, that is another thing; our trap-door requires a golden key.

Alph. Your comrades have not left me one piastre.

Spado. Give me an order on your father's bank, for fifty pieces, and I will secure your escape.

Alph. I will.

Enter Ramirez.

Spado. (*Seeing him turns to Alphonso.*) Oh, you impudent dog, I'll secure your escape; what the devil, do you offer me a bribe? would you corrupt my honesty? do you think I will betray my trust: what! corrupt my honesty, that I inherit from my chaste mother. Oh, Captain, I did not see you—I did not know you was here.

Ram. What's the matter?

Spado. Oh! I can hardly speak—You're a little mistaken in your man—Let you escape.

Alph.

Alph. (*aside*) Here is a rascal.

Spado. This rascal, has been calling me names this half hour, only because I won't let him out, without your knowledge—Oh! what offers have I refused. I may safely swear my integrity is secure against galleons, or the mines of Peru and Mexico.

Ram. Get you gone and leave us———[*Exit. Spado.* You have no occasion to tamper with my men—You shall owe your liberty to none but me. I will convey you to the college of the vines, which belongs to one Phillipos, a peasant, not far from Don Scipio's Castle—There you may pursue your whole desires, and do whatever love may inspire to obtain your wishes.

Alph. A thousand thanks to you, kind sir, time moves on leaden pinions, till I again behold my charming Victoria.

AIR IV. *Alphonso.*

Come ye hours with bliss replete,
Bear me to Victoria's feet,
Cheerless winter must I prove;
Absent from the maid I love,
But the joys our meeting bring,
Shew the glad return of spring.

[*Exit. Alphonso and Ramirez.*]

SCENE, A Forest, all dark, hail, rain, lightning and thunder.

Enter Don FERDINANDO.

Ferd. What a dreadful horrid place is this. Pedrillo! I've lost my servant I believe since I left Cales; by the pace I have rode, I think Don Scipio's castle can't be far off: this was to have been my wedding night.—Pedrillo—

Enter Pedrillo.

Ped. Here, sir.

Ferd. Where are you?

Ped.

Ped. Here, sir.

Ferd. Which way?

Ped. Any body's way, for I've lost my own—do you see me, sir?

Ferd. No. (*A violent flash of lightning.*)

Ped. Do you see me now, sir?

Ferd. No, sir. — How it thunders.

Ped. All this will frighten the poor mules; they will break their bridles; I have tied them to a tree.

Ferd. Oh, we shall find them in the morning (*a gun fired.*) Hark! I hear a gun, somebody's in trouble.

Ped. No, sir, their trouble is over by this time.

Ferd. Who can deny assistance to a fellow creature in distress. [*Draws and Exit.*]

Ped. What fine creatures these gentlemen are, but for me, I am a poor rascally servant, so I'll e'en take my chance with the mules.

AIR V. *Pedrillo.*

A master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,

With a haily
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,

Gallop'ing, galloway, dragel tail, dreary dun.

II.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing, &c.

I mounted my mule, and both rode away,
With our haily, &c.

III.

We cantered along, until it grew dark,
Gallop'ing, &c.

The nightingale sang instead of the lark, &c.

We

THE CASTLE

IV.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
By the lord, says the friar, you're both gone astray, &c.

V.

Our journey I fear will do us no good, &c.
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood, &c.

VI.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep.

Enter Don Scipio fighting with Banditti, Spado follows, and gets up a tree.

Band. Down with him, down with him.

Spado. Oh! don't fire. (*One of them fires.*)

Enter Ferdinando, and drives off Banditti.

Scip. I have not fought so much these twenty years.

Spado. I think I could see but one man come to the assistance of the old gentleman, (*comes down*) where are you?

Scip. Here, approach my brave deliverer.

Spado. I shall. (*Aside.*) Here is a victory, and nobody to claim it, I'll go and pick up the laurels.

Scip. Who is this angel stranger, that is come to my assistance?

Spado. (*Aside.*) I may pass for this angel in the dark.—They may be ashamed to attack a man in the king's high way—I made the dogs scamper.

Scip. Who is this here?

Spado. Are you the honest old gentleman I rescued from the Banditti?

Scip. I am so much beholden to you.

Spado. Say nothing about it, I have saved your life, a good action rewards itself.

Scip. Are you the gallant fellow? ay, faith as well I could distinguish in the dark, you look'd much higher just now.

Spado. O, that was while I was fighting, I always appear
fix

fix foot high when I'm in a passion, besides my hat and feathers added to my height.

Scip. (feeling.) Why, the rascals have run off without my purse.

Spado. Have I sav'd your purse? I think of a poor fellow, I am the luckiest dog in all Spain.

Scip. Poor fellow! Pray valiant stranger, accept this purse as a small token of my gratitude.

Spado. No, no, no, sir.

Scip. You shall take it, you shall have it.

Spado. Lord! sir! I am so awkward at taking a purse.

[Receives the purse.]

Scip. If I could but find my cane now.

Spado. (Aside.) Here is somebody else coming, perhaps this is the real conqueror.

[Retires.]

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferd. It was the darkness of the night that favoured their escape.

Scip. Aye, you made them fly like pigeons, my little game cock.

Ferd. Perhaps you was the old gentleman that was attack'd,

Scip. (looking at audience) Pray feel if you don't find a ring, it was a relic of my deceased lady's—

Ferd. What ring, sir?

Scip. A ring that you'll find in the purse.

Ferd. This old gentleman has been robb'd, and perhaps wishes me to re-imburse him.

Scip. Come along with me, my little hero: Why, zounds! Signior you are not in a passion now sure, for methinks you look six foot high again; come along with me to the Castle, and our daughter Victoria, shall welcome you.

Ferd. Your daughter Victoria! then perhaps you are my intended father-in-law.

Scip. Is it possible you can be my expected son-in-law, Don Ferdinando de Zelves.

Ferd. The same, sir, and just now come from Cales, and upon my journey to the Castle, was benighted upon this forest, and upon hearing that some persons were attacked by the Banditti, went to their rescue.

Scip.

Scip. (Aside.) It was damn'd mean though, to take my purse.

Enter Spado listening.

Scip. What! you was resolv'd to touch some of your wife's fortune before hand, you have got the money, aye, and the ring too—it is not gone out of the family, come along my brave valiant—*(aside)* damn'd paltry of him to take my purse. *[Exit.]*

Spado. This purse has put a fine thing into my head—How to delay Ferdinando's wedding—assist my new master Alphonso—and procure a handsome reward. I shall have a good reception at the Castle by means of this ring. I will raise a fine confusion in Don Scipio's family—the clearing up of which I will be well paid for. I have lost part of my time already—I must get away by a cross road to the Castle—there I will provide a whimsical reception for the son-in-law. *(whistling hard)* Hark! they are calling me to supper—I thank you kindly gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you, but I happen to be engaged. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, An Apartment in SCIPIO's Castle.

Enter VICTORIA and CATALINA.

Cat. Nay, dear madam, do not submit to go into the Nunnery.

Via. Yes, I must: the trouble I feel from my parents' slights, invokes me to forsake the transitory joys of a bad world.

Cat. Its good enough for me: well certainly you religious folks are a conceited sort of people, what the deuce would they have? here's a fine world, green hills, flowery vales, blooming gardens, sun beams so warm, refreshing gales to cool us, charming women for good natured men, and kind men for lovely women—and yet your Nun and Friar turn their back upon each other, stalk into their separate cells, and mar the whole intent of the creation.

Via. You know nothing of what I feel.

Cat. Lord, madam, I wish I could see you once in love.

Via.

Vic. You talk of love Catalina! I wonder what sort of a man this Ferdinando is, that is expected at the Castle?

Cat. What sort? a handsome man, assure yourself; and here your father Don Scipio though you are his only child, sole heiress, by your mother's will, to this Castle and all the lands about it, obliges you to resign your birth-right, fortune, nay your very name of Victoria, to Signiora Lorenza, dame Isabel's daughter, because forsooth, he has taken it into his old doating head to marry the mother; who, cunning enough, will consent to have him upon no other conditions—and yonder's this Italian coquet the daughter, bedizened out in your fine cloaths and jewels, for the intent, madam, to pass her off upon Don Ferdinando for you, and you are to be shut up in a Cloyster.—Pretty doings indeed. Ecod, if they were to serve me so, I'd put my best foot foremost, go up to Madrid, and tell the King o' them. Send you to a Nunnery indeed?—

Vic. Depriv'd by death of a tender mother, and the affections of my father alienated from me—I am bereft of every joy and hope—I shall therefore quit the world without regret.

[Exit Vic.]

Cat. My poor dear young lady—A marry hang dame Isabel and her assistant minx of a daughter? She my mistress! no, no—I quit this Castle as soon as ever Donna Victoria enters a Nunnery. Shall I go with her? No, I was never made for a Nun. Aye, I'll back to the vineyard, and if my sweet-heart Phillipo, is as fond as ever—who knows—I was the queen of all the girls, tho' the charming youth was the Guittar—Fiddle and Hautboy of our village.

AIR VI. *Catalina.*

Like my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
So blithe, so gay, so full of glee;
In all our village—who but he
To foot it up so featly.

His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,

B

And

THE CASTLE

And all his boon,
For every tune,
To kiss them round so sweetly.

II.

While round him in the jocund ring,
We'd nimbly dance, he'd play and sing,
Of May, the youth was chosen King,
He caught our ears so neatly.

Such music rare,
In his Guittar,
But touch his lute,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon,
For every tune,
To kiss them round so sweetly.

Enter Spado and Vasquez.

Spado. Inform your lady that I am here.

Vasq. I will inform her of your arrival.

Spado. Then you will oblige me very much—she is supreme directress of this Castle—(*Exit Vasq*) And as I'm informed rules the roast, she is my mark—But the story is up if I tell her one word of truth (*sees her coming.*) This is the same widow lady that ran away with an old master of mine to Italy. I can remember some anecdotes of her, that do more credit to my memory, than her reputation—which I will take care to remind her of in due time—She don't recollect my face, I hope.

Enter Isabella and Vasquez.

Isab. Where is the ugly black fellow you said wanted to speak with me?

Vasq. I did not say he was ugly.

Spado. Go along young man.

[*Exit Vasq.*]

Isab. Well, sir, who are you?

Spado. I've the honour to be confidential secretary to Don Ferdinando.

Isab. Is he arrived? Here Vasques: Lopes! Diego!

Spado. Hold, ma'am, my young master is not arrived—
most

most sagacious of all women (*aside*) my young master is coming in cog.

Isab. In cog!—

Spado. Yes, in cog; you shall hear, ma'am—Now for a good lie (*aside*.) The morning before our departure, he calls me into the closet, and locking the door, Spado—says he—You must know ma'am, my name is Spado.

Isab. Well, sir.

Spado. Spado, says he, you know this obstinate father of mine, has engaged me to marry a lady I have never seen—To-morrow I set off for her castle, but (striking his breast with one hand so—twisting his mustachios, and turning up his eyes) if when I see her she don't please my fancy, I will not marry her, by—I don't care to mention his oath before you madam.

Isab. O no, pray don't—

Spado. Says he, I mean to dress up Pedrillo—He shall personate me in Don Scipio's Castle, if I like the lady, I throw off the livery, and Pedrillo waits upon her. If I do not like her, the deceit continues, and Pedrillo has the lady.—I will learn them to clap up marriages without consulting me.

Isab. So, it was my poor daughter that was to have fallen into the snare—well, sir.

Spado. Says he, I mean to employ you as my spy, to cover the secret, let it be done by imposing some damn'd lie or other (which your genius may suggest) upon a very ignorant ordinary woman that you'll see there—nam'd Donna Isabella.

Isab. Impose upon the stupid woman that you'll see there!—But he shall not find me so stupid.

Spado. Does he think you'd not find me out, if I was to tell you a lie?

Isab. Aye, to be sure I should.

Enter Vasquez.

Vasq. My master is arriv'd madam, and a strange gentleman with him.

Isab. A strange gentleman, O that's Pedrillo, but I'll soon settle that rascal—here Lopes! Pedro!

Spado. You must know, madam, Pedrillo's mother was a gypsey woman—his father a Merry Andrew to a Mountebank,

bank, and himself five years a Trumpeter to a company of strolling players—

Isab. So, I was only to have a Trumpeter for my son-in-law! Good, fir, how much am I beholden to you for this timely notice.

Spado. I have only done the duty of an honest man, I have liv'd a good while in the family, and cou'd not bear my young maffer shou'd be running about making such a fool of himself, especially under such circumstances.

Isab. Pray, fir, be at home, want for nothing the house affords—

Spado. [*Aside.*] Then I will want for nothing I can lay my finger on—

[*Exit Spado.*]

Isab. Heavens! what an honest fellow this is! what a lucky discovery—Oh, here comes my daughter Lorenza.

Enter Lorenza.

Lor. Oh, mother, don't you think I look charming to day?

Isab. Yes, child, the toilette has done it.

Lor. Oh Signiora, the delicious hopes of an expected lover.

AIR VII. *Lorenza.*

New graces
The thoughts of a lover
Invited expected and sigh'd for occasion,
Sweet faces
Fresh sweetness discover
Our eyes then are diamonds, our cheeks are carnation.
Those eyes glances stealing
Fond blushes revealing
Sage prudence concealing
The wish of our hearts
But when once we gain him
In love's link we chain him
Now pleasing
Now teasing
In giddy flirtation
New graces, &c.

Isab.

Isab. I am very glad to see you in such spirits.

Lor. Oh, spirits! I am as sprightly and as chearful as a lapwing, when I expect a lover—But when does Don Ferdinando come?

Isab. You forget you are to pass for Donna Victoria, Don Scipio's daughter: it was for that purpose I had you brought here.

Lor. I don't think about a husband, but a new lover.

Isab. It is fit you shou'd of Don Ferdinando—who is coming.

Enter Vasquez.

Vasq. Madam, here is my master and Don Ferdinando.

Isab. Has he a servant with him?

Vasq. No, madam.

[*Exit Vasquez.*]

Enter Don Ferdinando and Scipio.

Scip. Oh my dainty dame, and delicate daughter, you may bless your stars that you see me alive again—Behold my son-in-law and the preserver of my life, Don Ferdinando.—That is your spouse, and this is Donna Isabella, a lady of vast merit, of which my heart is sensible.

Isab. What an impudent fellow!

Scip. Don Ferdinando, you are welcome to this castle, as flattery to a lady—there she is—embrace and caress her.

Lor. What a charming husband I shall have.

Scip. Come, enjoy yourselves, and be happy, while I take possession of this noble tenement.—Hark ye dame, don't you think Don Ferdinando a fine noble fellow?

Isab. Yes, he is well enough for a trumpeter.

Scip. A trumpeter! what the devil do you mean by that? oh! that is because I found his praise; but, madam, he is a cavalier of noble birth, title, fortune, and valour.

Isab. A word with you.

[*They retire.*]

Lor. Our castle here is but a horrid place, when compared with the beautiful villas, on the banks of the Arno.

Ferd. Arno! Don Scipio in his letter, said his daughter was bred in Florence.

Lor. I am afraid you had but an indifferent journey, Signior.

Ferd. I am amply repaid by what I now enjoy.

Lor. He is a polite cavalier.

[*They sit down.*]

Don Scipio and Isabella come forward.

Scip. A villain! oh a rascal! look at that impudent son of a gipsy—he sits down already.

Ijab. Don Ferdinando is under a livery.

Scip. A livery! this accounts for his behaviour in the forest. Don Ferdinando would never have accepted of my purse. (*pulls him by the arm.*) Ay, you have got it.

Ferd. Will you please to sit down, sir, (*aside*) what a strange old fellow.

Scip. He looks like a trumpeter.

Enter Vasquez.

Vasq. Sir, your servant Pedrillo is arriv'd.

Ferd. What! has he found his way at last.

Lor. What a charming fellow.

Scip. What an impudent rascal.

Enter Pedrillo with Portmanteau.

Ped. Is my master this way?

Scip. This is Don Ferdinando.

Ijab. Will you please to sit, sir.

[*Ferdinando goes to the other end of the stage.*]

Scip. (*To Pedrillo*) Be pleased to sit, sir.

[*Placing him near Lorenza.*]

Ped. I've got among the gentlefolks.

Ijab. How admirable he looks now in the servant.

Scip. I perceive the Grandee under the livery.

Ijab. (*Curtseys to him.*) Will you please to sit down, sir.

Scip. Will you sit down, sir.

[*Pedrillo sits down by Lorenza.*]

Ped. These must be the upper servants of the family, her ladyship there is the house-keeper, and I suppose this young tawdry-tit is the lady's maid—her mistress throws off good cloaths, and the old gentleman there is Don Scipio's butler.

Ferdinando

Ferdinando comes forward.

Ferd. What means all this disrespect?

Ped. Sir, Old Whiskers the butler ask'd me to sit down by Furbelow the waiting woman.

Ferd. Retire.

Scip. How rarely they act their parts? tho' I will let them know I understand the plot of their Comedy.

QUINTETTO.

Scip.

Signiora.

Isab.

Signiora.

Scip.

Your wit must be keener

Isab.

Our prudence to elude

Your fine plot

Tho' so pat

Ped.

Will do you little good.

My fine plot

I'm a sot

If I know what

These gentle folks are at.

Ferd.

Past the perils of the night

Tempests rude alarms

Phœbus rises clear and bright

In the lustre of your charms.

Lor.

Oh charming I declare

So polite a Cavalier,

He understands the duty

And homage due to beauty.

Scip.

Bravo! O Bravissimo!

Lor.

Caro! O Carissimo!

How sweet his honey words

How noble is his mien,

Scip.

Fine feathers make fine birds

Isab.

The footman's to be seen

Scip.

But both deserve a basting,

Ped.

Since morning I've been fasting

Scip.

Yet I could laugh for anger.

Ped.

I cou'd cry

Ferd.

I cou'd quaff

Pea.

THE CASTLE

Ped. So cou'd I
Scip. Ha, ha, ha! I'm in a fit
Ped. O I could pick a little bit
Scip. Ha, ha, ha!
Ped. Oh, oh, oh!
Lor. A very pleasant party
Fera. A whimsical reception
Scip. } But master and man
Isab. } Accept a welcome heartily
Ferd. } Accept our thanks sincere
Ped. } For such a welcome hearty.

A C T II.

SCENE, A Room with a Closet.

Enter RAMIREZ and SANGUINO from the other door.

RAMIREZ.

THUS far we have got into the castle, you seem well acquainted with it.

Sang. Yes, I was master of the horse to Don Scipio, and I know all the turnings and windings, lobbies and every secret lock, and if I meet him conveniently, I shall use this filletto.

Ram. No, no, plunder is the word: hush! is not that Spado I hear? [He is heard without.]

Sang. Yes.

Ram. Impossible! [They retire one of each side.]

Enter Scipio and Spado.

Scip. I have heard of such places; you tell me you have seen the cave where this cursed Banditti lay.

Spado. Very true, sir, after robbing me of 500 Ducatoons, and blinding my eyes, they throwed me over a mule's back, and carried me to the dungeon, where they live in all manner of debaucheries, from whence they rush out upon passengers; but I slipt the bandage from my eyes as I went along, and mark'd the path they took.

Scip. But my mock son-in-law Don Ferdinando and I
made

made them run like hares, and I gave him my purse for his trouble.

Spado. Did he take it?

Scip. He did.

Spado. Oh! what a mean fellow! I never go unarmed—I always take a blunderbuss when I travel—O what a glorious thing it would be to deliver up this Banditti into the hands of justice. If you wou'd get me a strong guard and go with me, I will lead them to the very trap door of the stair case.

Scip. Then you will have the thanks of the whole Country.

Spado. I have no motive but the good of my Country, though I expect they will order me a thousand Pistoles for my trouble.

Sang. (from one side) You have not long to live.

Spado. Pray, sir, have an eye to their Captain, as they call him, he is one of the most infernal malignant infamous, that ever (*sees Ramirez*)—The Captain did I say? no—I found him a very honest good natur'd kind of fellow—No, no, I meant the scoundrel that thinks he ought to be Captain—Sanguino they call him, whom I found a most wicked infernal rascal, (*sees Sanguino*) though I found him a very honest good-natured fellow.

Scip. A bloody malignant infernal good-natur'd kind of a fellow—what the devil is all this?

Spado. Why, sir, I thought I saw those two gentlemen, and I thought they looked so terrible, that with the fright—I awoke.

Scip. Awoke! what the devil, was this a dream you've been telling me?

Spado. Yes, sir, and a most terrible dream as ever I had in my life.—I'm frightened out of my wits now.

Scip. Why, you do look frightened indeed.

Spado. That made me talk about this cave, but don't mention it again I beg of you.

Enter Vasquez.

Vasq. Sir, the ladies would be glad to speak with you.

Scip. I'll wait upon them immediately.

[*Exeunt Scipio and Vasquez.*

Spado

Spado is going to follow, is seized by Ramírez and Sanguino.

Spado. Lord, master! only think of your finding me here.

Ram. Yes, yes, you are found out here.

Spado. Oh, my good first! such discoveries as I have made in this house!

Sang. Aye, and you wou'd have made discoveries in our Cave.

Spado. Did I not hum the old fellow rarely?

Sang. As a reward for your treachery, this to your heart.

(Offers to stab him.)

Ram. Hold! hold!

Spado. Lord, what's the matter, I can't pass a jest upon a silly old man, but I must be run through with a filletto, when about the business.

Ram. Come, come, Spado, what is this business, tell us?

Spado. I intended to let every soul of you into the Castle while the family were in bed—Plunder is the word—Don Sanguino, only just peep into this closet with me, *(takes him into closet and returns)* there are six chests of massy gold, I have a master key will open every one of them—shall I go fetch it.

Ram. Aye, go.

Spado. My two good masters, two good-natured souls—

(Aside.) Two damned rascals.

[Exit.]

Sang. Plunder, indeed!

Ram. There is something heavy in that chest.

Sang. We'll get them off this night.

Ram. I wish no more delay.

[They retire.]

Enter Scipio.

Scip. Now, Spado, now do you take—where is my little dreamer?—now why do they leave the closet door open, it contains my valuables?—why will they leave it open?

[Exit after shutting the door.]

Enter Spado with Pedrillo's Portmanteau.

Spado. O Lord, I can't find the key; but however, I've stole

stole Don Ferdinando's portmanteau, only just as a peace-offering for these two rascals—Lord, what a pity, the coming of these two rogues! Lord I shou'd have had the castle all to myself—what a fine spot of my industry! There are the chests, gentlemen—there you may convey them out to night. As for cutting Don Scipio's throat—

Enter Don Scipio.

Scip. Aye, cut my throat!—what, are you in dreams again?

Spado. O yes, fir.

Scip. Well, for a little fellow, you have the damnest dreams I ever heard of.

Spado. Terrible they are indeed!

Scip. Come, let me have no more of your curs'd dreams.

Spado. I've got off, thanks to his coming.

Scip. Whose portmanteau is this?

Spado. (*Aside.*) Oh, I'm in again.

Scip. What! is it Ferdinando's?

Spado. It is my master's.

Scip. Who cou'd have brought it here.

Spado. My fellow servant, Pedrillo, is too grand to mind his business, and my master, though he has taken the habit, scorns to do the office of a servant—I'll take care of it.

Scip. Do I now see what a comical fellow this master of yours is, with his plots and contrivances—and to think of imposing upon me too—I think I am far from a fool.

Spado. Yes, fir, but that's more than I am.

Scip. That is true indeed, but your dreams hurt your brain—so your master sent you here to see what you cou'd pick up.

Spado. That is very true indeed, fir, just to see what I cou'd pick up.

Scip. What an honest servant this is, he has an eye to every thing. [*Exit.*]

Spado. Egad I'm almost tir'd of being a rogue, and I will turn honest—but before I do that, I must get what I can in this house to keep me so.

A I R

THE CASTLE

AIR I. *Spado.*

In the forest here hard by
 A bold robber late was I,
 Sword and blunderbuss in hand
 When I bid a trav'ler stand
 Zounds deliver up your cash
 Or strait I'll pop and flash
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.

Damme, fir

If you stir

Sluce your veins

Blow your brains

Hey down

Ho down

Derry derry down

All amongst the leaves so green-o.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade

When a gentleman I'm made

Then so spruce and debonnair

Gad I'll court a lady fair

How I'll prattle, tattle, chat

How I'll kiss her hand and all that

All amongst the leaves so green o.

How d'ye do

How are you

Why so coy

Let us toy

Hey down

Ho down

Derry derry down

All amongst the leaves so green-o.

But ere old and grey my pate

I'll scrape up a snug estate

With my nimbleness of thumbs

I'll soon butter all my crumbs

When I'm justice of the peace

Then I'll master many a lease

All amongst the leaves so green-o.

Wig profound

Belly round

Sit

Sit at ease
 Snatch the fees
 Hey down
 Ho down
 Derry derry down
 All amongst the leaves so green-o.

[Exit Spado.]

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferd. How came my father to think of an alliance in this mad family. Don Scipio's brain is certainly turn'd—my father's ideas don't suit mine—That lovely niece of Dame Isabel's has caught my heart—what if I ask her about it—But she and Don Scipio carry themselves very strangely to me—I cannot think what is become of my fellow Pedrillo all this while? *(Pedrillo not dressed yet, but as before.)*

Enter Pedrillo dress'd as his master.

Ped. Ha, ha, ha! a strange reception I've met with in this family, they talk of my marrying the daughter—I should like her very well—but before I take off this dress, I will attack one of the maids, I will hide my livery and be quite the gallant.

Ferd. Here is a gentleman I've never seen before. Ha! Pedrillo, where have you been, what is the matter with you?

Ped. The matter, sir, I cannot tell what is the matter, but some how or other, I happen'd to sit down to a supper, of twelve covers, crack'd two bottles—laid in an embroider'd bed, and sunk so low that I slept till this morning like a diamond in cotton: so indeed, sir, I don't know what is the matter.

Ferd. What can all this mean?

Ped. Don Scipio has found out my merit, that's all—and let me tell you—he is not the only one: for when I liv'd in my last place, I once made free with a suit of my master's best cloaths—went to the Prado, and strutted about like a grandee, where an elderly lady, of family and fortune, fell in love with me; I wrote a song upon the subject, and if you give me leave, I'll sing it to you.

C

A I R

AIR II. *Pedrillo.*

The Prado I resorted
 That brilliant place
 That brilliant place
 This comely person sported
 All dress'd in lace
 All dress'd in lace
 'Twas all about reported
 And no disgrace
 And no disgrace
 The antient maid I courted
 Like this pretty face
 This pretty face
 When first my person blest'd her,
 Sir what d'ye want
 Sir what d'ye want
 And when I'd have caress'd her
 Indeed you shan't
 Indeed you shan't
 So cunning I address'd her
 With sigh and pant
 With sigh and pant
 Than soon I kiss'd and press'd her
 I'm so gallant
 I'm so gallant
 My fair in wit—so arch is
 I'm her dawdle
 I'm her dawdle
 My very soul she searches
 Shakes her noddle
 Shakes her noddle
 My heart with love she parches
 My blood does coddle
 My blood does coddle
 And like a duck she marches
 Widdle waddle
 Widdle waddle.

Ferd. Then be so obliging in your gown and slippers,
 to take off my boots. [Stoops to take off the boots.

Enter

Enter Vasquez.

Vasq. Sir, the ladies wait breakfast for you.

Ferd. My respects to the ladies, and I will attend them.

Vasq. Sir, I mean his honour there. *(points to Ped.)*

Ped. Yes, you mean my honour.

Ferd. I cou'd drink a dish of chocolate, as well as his honour there.

Vasq. Chocolate, ha, ha, ha!

Ferd. *(Draws his sword and beats Vasquez.)* I'll teach you to laugh at me.

Vasq. Teach me to laugh! you may be a good master, but you have a damn'd bad method, *[Aside.]* Hey for chocolate and the ladies. *[Exeunt Ped. and Vasq.]*

Ferd. Don Scipio shall account to me for this, to bear his contempt and be liable to the insults of his servants; as I don't like his daughter, I have a fair pretence for quitting the Castle, but then to leave the mistress of my soul—suppose I make her a tender of my heart—that will not do, she knows my hand is promised to another—O my Lorenza.

Enter Catalina crossing the stage.

Ferd. I see a young girl—there can be no harm in speaking to her. How do you do my pretty creature?

Cat. How do you do Mr. —, I don't know your name.

Ferd. You know who I am though, and what my business is.

Cat. Lord, man, what signifies your going about to fust me, when the whole family knows you're Don Ferdinando's footman.

Ferd. So, the ladies think I am only Don Ferdinando's footman all this while.

Cat. Yes, yes, we know that, notwithstanding your fine cloaths.

Ferd. And pray, madam, where is my master?

Cat. Don Ferdinando! he's parading the gallery yonder in his sham livery and morning gown.

Ferd. This accounts for the embroidered bed—I'll carry it on—I am known then.

Cat. Aye, and if all the impostors in the Castle were as well

well known, we shou'd have no wedding to-morrow night.

Ferd. You seem to be in the secret.

Cat. Aye, there is a piece of deceit, much worse than you are carrying on.

Ferd. I know that.

Cat. What do you know?—that this Italian lady is not Don Scipio's daughter, but dame Isabel's.

Ferd. Yes, (*aside*) here is a discovery.

Cat. You know that.

Ferd. Yes, yes, and you know the lady I was speaking to just now, is really Donna Victoria.

Cat. Yes, yes.

Ferd. Here is a piece of villainy—my dear let me kiss you. [*Kisses her.*]

Cat. Oh Lord! I never saw such a man, (*he's a delightful man though*) Lord, what a discovery, if you did not know it before: marry hang your assurance—I must go, I cannot play the lady as you do the gentleman. I have some else to do than stand kissing with you here all day.

A I R III. *Catalina.*

I have a lover of my own
 So kind and true is he
 As true I love but him alone
 And he loves none but me.
 I boast not of his velvet gown
 Or cheeks of rosy hue
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown,
 I prize the heart that's true.
 So to all else I must say nay
 They only fret and tease
 Dear youth 'tis you alone that may
 Come court me when you please.
 I play'd my love a thousand tricks
 In seeming coy and shy
 'Twas only ere my heart would fix,
 I thought his love to try.
 So to all else, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Ferd. Why, what a villain is this Don Scipio! ungrateful—but I scorn to think of the services I render'd him last night in the forest, the faithless friend of my father—the
 unnatural

unnatural parent of his own amiable daughter! but here my charmer comes.

(Exit.)

Enter Victoria.

Via. Catalina must be mistaken, it is impossible he can be the servant, with such a deportment, his native elegance of manners can never be assumed. Yonder he walks, and my flattering heart tells me this is really the amiable Don Ferdinando whom I must resign to Donna Isabella's daughter.

Enter Ferdinando as she is going out.

Ferd. Stay and let me look upon that lovely excellence I can never obtain—Donna Victoria.

Via. Did you call me then, or did you mean to speak with Victoria.

Ferd. I could gaze for ever, and wonder at your charms thus transfixed with astonishment and delight! believe me it is not the knowledge of your quality, that attracts my admiration.—I know you to be Don Scipio's daughter, the innocent victim of injustice and oppression, and therefore acknowledge to you and you alone (whatsoever you may have heard to the contrary) that I am really Don Ferdinando de Zelves.

Via. How you came acquainted with my story I know not, but I have perceived something which told me by your behaviour you was Don Ferdinando.

Ferd. Permit me to relate the sentiments of my heart. I came here to ratify the contract with Don Scipio's daughter—you are the beautiful Victoria destin'd to me! Here, take my hand, my heart is your's already—and thus upon my knee, let me make another tender of my heart.

Via. Pray rise Signior, my father cannot justify his conduct towards me, but if I do any thing without his consent, it will be a breach of filial duty.

AIR IV. *Via.*

By woes thus surrounded how vain the gay smile
Of the little blind archer these woes to beguile

Tho' skilful he misses his aim it is crost,
 His quiver exhausted his arrows are lost
 Your love tho' sincere on the object you lose
 (*Aside.*) How sweet is the passion ah must I refuse?
 If filial affection that passion should sway,
 Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

Ferd. Can you wish me to espouse dame Isabella's daughter, say you do not, do but satisfy me, my soul—

Vic. Before I say that, are you Don Ferdinando, if you are, you are already contracted to Don Scipio's daughter.

Ferd. Yes, I am, (*aside*) (I don't much regret I have lost the title in the family) a thousand thanks to you—Yes, my dear Victoria, I am Don Ferdinando, and if fortune favours my designs, you again shall triumph over the malice of our enemies.

Vic. If we are seen together, by Donna Isabella, she will be interested in whatever you may propose to my advantage. [Exit.]

Ferd. So the whole family, except Victoria, have an idea I am the servant; since they will have impostors, they shall have me for one, let them bestow their mock Ferdinando on Lorenza, I share a just revenge for the perfidy, and shall have the reward and sum of all my wishes in the possession of the true Victoria. Oh here comes Don Scipio!—now let me begin, Oh I am tired of playing the gentleman, I long to get into my livery. My master will never wear these again—I am sure Don Scipio suspects who I am.

Enter Don Scipio.

Scip. I know you are!

Ferd. My dear friend, Don Scipio.

Scip. Friend! why you impudent dog I'll break your head, you are a blowing here without your trumpet.

Ferd. Lord, your honour, how came you to know I am Pedrillo.

Scip. Why your fellow servant. (*Aside.*) (Zounds! no I must not betray my little dreamer neither.) No matter who told me, but here comes your master.

Ferd. (*Aside.*) Oh! he'll spoil all—I wish I had given him his cue—as sure as you stand there, he will persist in denying he is Ferdinando.

Enter

Enter Pedrillo.

Ped. Master, shall I shave you this morning?

Scip. Shave you this morning! come, come, it is time to have done with your tricks and fancies.

Ferd. Pedrillo.

Ped. Yes, sir.

Ferd. You are found out.

Ped. Yes.

Ferd. You may as well confess.

Ped. What the devil shall I confess.

Scip. I tell you what, young gentlemen, I will write an account of your pranks to your father, and he shall trim your jacket for you.

Ped. Nay, for the matter of that, my father cou'd trim your jacket for you.

Scip. Trim my jacket!

Ped. Why my father's the best Taylor in all Cordova.

Ferd. Sir, will you give me leave to speak to him?

Scip. Aye.

Ferd. (*Aside.*) Tell don Scipio, you are my master.

Ped. I will—Don Scipio, you are my master.

Ferd. O the stupid dog—say that you are Ferdinando, and I am Pedrillo.

Ped. I will sir, I will—sir, you are Ferdinando and I am Pedrillo.

Ferd. I told you he would persist in it.

Scip. I see it—I see it—I see it—But I tell you what, Don Ferdinando, now do be clever, hold up your head. (*Puts his hand under Pedrillo's chin.*)

Ferd. Can you expect to make such an alteration.

Enter Lorenza.

Lor. So then you are to be my husband—will you love me then?

Ped. Will I love you!

Lor. If not, I can be as cold as you are indifferent.

A I R

AIR V. *Lorenza.*

Love gay illusion
 Pleasing delusion
 With sweet intrusion
 Possesses the mind
 Heart with heart meeting
 Passion is fleeting
 Vows in repeating
 We trust to the wind
 Faith to faith plighted
 Love may be blighted
 Hearts often slighted
 Will cease to be kind.

SCENE, A view of a Castle—a moon light night.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. If I had but the liberty to walk with the object of my heart! my Victoria! her marriage with Ferdinando is determin'd, but if possible, I will prevent it yet; the youth of the cottage here shall bear him a challenge.

AIR VI. *Alphonzo.*

I languish adoring
 Each power imploring
 Kind aid to impart
 To heal my wounded heart
 Perhaps e're now
 The dire decree
 Has seal'd the bow
 Lovely maid I die for thee
 From thee my love I ne'er will part
 My fate shall prove my constant heart
 I'll die my lovely maid
 I'll die I'll die for thee.

Enter

Enter Phillipo.

Alph. Are you at leisure, Phillipo, to take this billet to the Castle to Don Ferdinando.

Phil. Is your business with Don Ferdinando very pressing?

Alph. Very pressing, extremely so. (*Aside.*) He must not know its a challenge. Its a letter to invite Don Ferdinando, and a few select friends, to an entertainment—Pray do you know who Captain Ramirez is?

Phil. No, I do not.

Alph. I find he is not acquainted with his real character—I will not betray him.

Phil. (*Aside.*) I wish Donna Victoria once married—while she remains single, Catalina will never be mine.

A I R VII. *Phillipo.*

Oh charming maid, ah why so coy
Unto the youth who loves so well
Thy gracious smile gives every joy
Thy frown a pang no tongue can tell
To thee the matin song I raise
Ere gay blooming Flora
Has welcom'd Aurora

At noon from Sol's refulgent rays
In close bowers
On beds of sweet flowers

Reclining
Adoring
Yet pining
Imploring
Soft ditty
Repeating
Thy pity
Intreating

Till the nightingales lays
In vespers seraphic bids nature repose
Her strain on a lover no slumber bestows
Nor ease to his mind, nor relief to his woes.

Alph.

Alph. I find Phillipo and I have been complaining lovers together. Phillipo, may I depend upon your delivery of this?

Phil. You may depend upon it, was but my Catalina here.

Alph. Was my Victoria true.

DUET. *Alphonso and Phillipo.*

Alph. So faithful to my fair I'll prove

Phil. So kind and constant to my love -

Alph. I'd never range

Phil. I'd never change

Both. Nor time nor chance my faith shou'd move.

Phil. No ruby clusters grace the vine

Alph. Ye sparkling stars forget to shine

Phil. Sweet flowers to spring

Alph. Gay birds to sing

Both. Those hearts then part that love should join.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, An Apartment in Don Scipio's Castle.

Enter Don Scipio and Lopez.

SCIPIO.

HERE, Lopez, run to father Benedict's, bid him wipe his chin, put on his spectacles, pull out his breviary, find out matrimony, and stay till I come, we'll have a brace of weddings to night.

[*Exit Lopez.*]

AIR

AIR I. *Scipio.*

Hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,
 And a thumping bantling every year,
 With skin as white as snow
 And hair as brown as a berry
 With eyes as black as a floe
 And lips as red as a cherry.
 Sing rory tory
 Dancing prancing
 Laugh and lye down is the play.
 We'll fondle together
 To keep out the weather
 And kiss the cold winter away
 Laugh while you live
 For life is a jest
 Who laughs the most
 Is sure to live best
 When I was not so old
 I frolick'd among the misses
 And when they thought me too bold
 I flopt their mouth with kisses.
 Sing rory tory
 Dancing prancing
 Laugh and lye, &c.

I wonder if Don Ferdinando is ready. Oh here comes the servant, in his proper habiliments. (*Enter Ferdinando in livery*) Aye, now my lad, you look something like.

Ferd. I was quite sick of that dress.

Scip. Where is your master? I long to see him in his proper cloaths.

Ferd. [*Aside.*] Passing so well in this disguise, gives me a humble opinion of myself—You must know we are very behind hand in our finery, in regard to a portmanteau of cloaths.

Scip. O, that is safe enough—Spado, your fellow servant, the little spy, has got it.

Enter Spado,

Spado. What is this really so?

Scip.

Scip. He has got into the livery again.

Spado. Is this the real master or no? surely I've not been telling truth, and did not know it. I must brazen it out—*(aside)*. What, my old friend, I'm glad to see you look like yourself again.

Ferd. Thank you, my new old friend.—Here is an old friend I never saw in my life before.

Scip. Tell him where his portmanteau is, whilst I go and lead Don Ferdinando in triumph to his bride. *[Exit.]*

Ferd. Well, my good new old friend, where has your care bestowed my portmanteau.

Spado. Gone.

Ferd. Gone!

Spado. Quite gone.

Ferd. The man is not in his senses—where is the portmanteau?

Spado. Poor old man, it's all over with him, he talk'd of spies and dreamers, and now he talks of portmanteaus—its all over with him, indeed.

Ferd. It must be so.

Spado. All grief, all grief—it runs in the family.

Ferd. He talk'd to me last night in a strange incoherent manner, it seems as if this whimsical change between Pedrillo and me, was the creation of his own brain—How came it to run in the family? it is the first time I ever heard Don Scipio was disorder'd in his senses.

Spado. We all endeavour to keep it from your master—but he shou'd break off the match—I don't suppose he wou'd be willing to marry into a mad family.

Ferd. Pray what may you be?

Spado. I am Don Scipio's own gentleman these ten years.

Ferd. He accosted me as your fellow servant.

Spado. Lord how you stare, I shou'd not have contradicted him, if he had call'd me the Pope's Nuncio. I don't wonder of Isabella taking advantage of his weakness—now he has got something in his head about a ring—that every body he meets has got a ring of his deceas'd lady's.

Ferd. Aye, he ask'd me about a ring.

Enter Don Scipio.

Scip. Hark you, Pedrillo, now your disguises are over, return me the ring—will you?

Spado.

Spado. There, I told you he wou'd.

Scip. Come, come, give me the ring, and I will give you a better thing: that ring belonged to my deceased lady—give me the ring.—Here are five pistoles, and the ring is not worth a dollar.

Spado. Here, give him this ring, he'll not know any better, (*aside*) egad that is more than I know.

Ferd. There, fir, (*gives it, and takes money.*)

Scip. O you mercenary rascal! did not I tell you the ring was in the purse I gave you last night.

Spado. Here, give me the cash, 'tis I must be accountable for all his pocket money. [*Exit Ferd. and Spado.*]

Enter Pedrillo richly dress'd.

Ped. Pedrillo!

Enter Ferdinando.

Ferd. Here, fir.

Ped. Why how now firrah! why do you sit loitering here, and leave me to dress myself.

Ferd. I was—

Ped. What was you? why you rascal you fancy yourself still in your finery—you idle vagabond.

Scip. Bless me! Don Ferdinando is a very passionate man; aye, he takes after his father.

Ped. Well, Don Scipio, am not I a man for the ladies, I have studied Ovid's art of love.

Scip. Aye, and Ovid's metamorphosis too.

Ped. (*aside.*) What a sneering figure my poor master cuts, egad I'll pay him for all his domineering over me—Pedrillo!

Ferd. Sir.

Ped. Here, fill my box with macatan.

Ferd. Yes, fir.

Ped. Here, fir, perfume my handkerchief.

[*Pulls out a blackguard handkerchief, and puts it in*

Ped. Pedrillo, get me a tooth pick.

Ferd. Yes, fir.

Ped. Here, Pedrillo!

Ferd. Sir.

Ped. Nothing, begone.

Ferd. If this is my picture, I blush for the original.

D

Pe

Ped. (*Aside*) Master, to be like you, do let me give you a kick, it won't hurt you, upon my honour.

Ferd. I will bear no more.

Ped. Why, what are you at, you scoundrel—begone.
[*Exit Ferd.*] (*aside.*) It was cursed ill natured not to let me give him one kick.

Scip. I like you vastly.

Ped. So you ought, sir.

Scip. I like you very well, I do indeed.

Ped. Tol de rol, (*Aside*) why who would suspect me to be the son of a taylor? half an hour ago perhaps they might, tol de rol, &c.

Scip. Very well, you are a great beau, and really now, to speak the truth, you have got a very princely person.

Ped. Why, sir, all the young girls, whenever I get up behind the—within side the coach—all the ladies of distinction, when they were making their beds—dusting, dressing themselves at their toilets, 'run directly to the windows—peep through their fingers (their fans I mean) and lisp out, Oh! upon my life, there is not such another gentleman in life, as this same Don Pedrillo.

Scip. Ferdinando—He cannot forget Pedrillo. Come, its time to forget it—its time to have done with Pedrillo, and be my son-in-law.

Ped. I will be your son-in-law—you are sure of that honour, Don Scipio. But pray what fortune am I to have with your daughter? you are a grey headed old fellow, and by the course of nature you cannot live long.

Scip. I beg your pardon, I don't know any such thing.

Ped. And when we put a stone upon your head.

Scip. A stone upon my head!

Ped. Yes, a stone—that is when you are laid low, I shall have your daughter to maintain, but I don't think much of that, I am so generous.

Scip. Yes, as generous as a Dutch usurer. (*Aside*) If Don Ferdinando turns out such a coxcomb, I'm not sorry my own daughter has escap'd him—A convent is better than a marriage with a monkey,—but dame Isabel wou'd have me upon no other terms.

Ped. Let's have a plentiful good supper.

Scip. A good supper!

Ped. Yes.

Scip. Was there ever such a genteel, (*aside*) ignorant conceited dog.

[*Exit.*

Ped.

Ped. I am a capital fellow—So my poor master sets his wits to work after a poor girl that is going into a Nunnery, and dresses me up to address Donna Victoria—To be sure I am not a capital fellow, but I was made for a gentleman: gentleman, did I say, I am the neat pattern of a lord—I have a little honour about me, a great deal of love, and a scrap of courage, perhaps I wish I had a rival to try. I think I could fight at any weapon from a needle to a hatchet. I would not give a pin for a sweet-heart without a rival.

Enter Phillippo.

Phil. Sir, are not you Don Ferdinando de Zelves?

Ped. Yes, sir.

Phil. Sir, I have a letter from Don Alphonzo.

Ped. I don't know of any Don Alphonso, boy—what is the letter about?

Phil. I think, sir, it is to invite you to a feast.

Ped. Oh, I recollect this old acquaintance.

Phil. Are you sure you are Don Ferdinando?

Ped. What do you talk in that style for, do you think I don't know myself, boy! come, give me the letter. (*Reads*) Signior, Signior, though you seem ready to fall to on a love feast, I hope a small repast on the field may not spoil your stomach. (*aside*) Spoil my stomach, that's only a snack before supper—I shall be at six o'clock in the evening—Why you dog, its past six now—in the meadow near the college of the vines—O, Lord, I shall be too late—as you aspire to Donna Victoria, your sword must be long enough to reach my heart—My sword long enough! Oh, the devil of a feast, why this is a downright challenge.

Phil. I beg your pardon, signior—if I had not met my sweet-heart, Catalina, you would have had the letter two hours ago.

Ped. Oh, you have given it time enough, my brave boy.

Phil. You'll come?

Ped. Yes, I'll give it him, boy.

Phil. Give it him!

Ped. Oh, yes, I dare say he'll come.

Phil. Did not you say you was Ferdinando?

Ped. Never fear, child, Don Ferdinando shall have it.

Phil. Why, sir, are you not Don Ferdinando?

Ped. Me! no, not I, child, I am not Don Ferdinando, my boy, I wou'd have gone to the feast, but you delay'd the letter so long, I've quite lost my stomach—you have made a cursed blunder—here, my boy, Don Ferdinando shall attend you. (*Afide*) He is still a master for the gentleman—I am a man for the ladies. [*Exit Phil.*]

A I R II. *Pedrillo.*

A soldier I am for the ladies
 What beau was ere arm'd compleater
 When face to face
 Her chamber the place
 I'm able and willing to meet her.
 Gads curse my dear lasses I'm ready
 To give ye all satisfaction
 I'm the man
 For the crack of your fan
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.
 Your bobbins may beat up a row dow dow
 Your lap dog may out with his bow wow wow
 The challenge in love
 I take up the glove
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action. [*Exit.*]

Enter Phillipo.

Phil. As I live, here's Don Alphonzo! I wish Don Ferdinando had got the letter sooner—I lost my time with Catalina, she was so cruel, indeed I dread to approach her, though it is my delight to see her.

A I R III. *Phillipo.*

My fair one like the blushing rose
 Can sweets to every sense disclose
 Those sweets I'd gather but her scorn
 Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.
 With sighs each grace and charm I see
 Thus doom'd to wither on the tree
 Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid
 When all those blooming virtues fade. [*Exit.*]

Enter Don Ferdinando and Victoria.

Ferd. By order of Don Scipio, Father Benedict waits in the chapel—do let him join our hands, and then let fortune do her worst.

Via.

Vid. Why wou'd you force me to so imprudent a step, notwithstanding my consent, you must have my father's.

Ferd. Our union is authoris'd by the consent of both our fathers, and dame Isabella is fully convince'd I am Pedrillo, otherwise she wou'd not give her aid, but to get you out of the way of her daughter, she gives me her assistance, my Victoria.——

Vid. The balm of consolation, is the sweet result of conscious uprightness.

A I R IV. *Victoria.*

The musk rose blooms in thorns and tears
Yet queen of all the garden reigns
While Phœbus in a cloud appears
Her virgin lustre she retains.
If foes or cruel friends unkind
A thought consoles each deep distress.
That conscious rectitude of mind
In fortune's frown has power to bless.
For sweets the tulip proud and gay
Unto the humble violet yields
And Philomel's sequest' red lay
Transcends the chorus of the fields.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Pedrillo.*

Ped. Yes, my master is in for it—there they go, and certainly to be married.—The enraged Alphonzo is certainly come here to demand satisfaction.—My master and he were once friends, but jealousy and a long sword have cut their friendship in two—he little knows I am the rival.

Enter Lorenza.

Lor. Oh! here is my husband, he looks well enough now; he is dress'd, but not so well as my discarded lover Alphonzo.

Ped. (*aside*) I will accost her with elegance! How do you do, Signora?

Lor. Very well, at your service. (*aside*)! He looks like prince Radacasti.

Ped. Signora, you are a clever little body, will you sit down, Signora.

[*Sits down himself.*]

Lor. So polite too.

Ped. O, I admire politeness.

Lor. Full of good manners.

Ped. O, I forgot. (*draws the other chair*) Sit down upon this

this chair, I assure you I don't grudge the trouble for the sake of good manners.

Lor. This is not good manners at Florence.

Ped. Yes, I sit upon my chair genteelly, I find I understand a little Italian: now to court her: what shall I say. (*aside*) I wish my master had gone through the whole of the business, to the very drawing of the curtains.—Signora.

Lor. Signora, I love to be courted, begin, begin.

Ped. Oh, Signora, (I believe I ought to kneel.) Oh you most beautiful goddess! you angelic angel.

For you my fair I'd be a rose,
To blow beneath that comely nose;
No more I'll say you stop my breath,
My only life you'll be my death.

Lor. There is something in Don Ferdinando's manner extremely strange, though rather extravagant.

Ped. If you will sing me a song, I will stay and hear you.

Lor. With pleasure, sir.

A I R V. *Lorenza.*

Heart beating
Repeating
Vows in palpitation
Sweetly answers each fond hope,
Prithee leave me
You'll deceive me
After other beauties running
Smiles so roguish, eyes so cunning
Shews where points the inclination
Heart beating
Repeating
Vows in palpitation
Sweetly answers each fond hope.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, A View of a Cathedral.

Enter ALPHONZO.

Alpb. Two lovers, and both in distress.

A I R VI. *Alphonzo.*

Love, sweet passion, torment pleasing
Pure delight in pain you give,

Thrilling

OF ANDALUSIA.

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Thrilling anguish flattering teasing
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceasing
Yet I'll love or cease to live.

Enter Ferdinando and Victoria.

Ferd. Give me joy, Alphonzo, Father Benedict has this moment made me the happiest of mankind, in giving me Victoria.

Alph. Then it is certain all you told me of my Victoria, is true.

Ferd. It is.

Alph. No matter, her very name is still dear to Alphonzo.

Ferd. You shall be no loser by this, we will endeavour to bring about your marriage with Lorenza.

Alph. I shou'd be happy indeed to be blest with my Lorenza.

GLEE, Ferdinando, Alphonzo, and Victoria.

Auspicious powers approving

Reward true love in me

No greater blifs than loving

When thus belov'd by thee,

No, no—————

No, when thus belov'd by thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A View of the Castle.

Enter SPADO.

Spado. I am in love with this castle, I've got my comrades out of it at last, Ramirez and Sanguino are gone back to the cave in high hopes I will let them in to-morrow night. Well, I'll keep my word with them, they shall be welcom'd with a strong guard. Old Don Juan is arriv'd I hear, can any thing be made of him I wonder. I've got a portmanteau, some cash, and some plate. I don't know how it is, but there's not half the bustle in the castle I expected—I promis'd myself there would be a fine confusion, then is the time I pick up the loose things. I'm inform'd this Don Juan is very passionate—Egad if I could contrive to set him and Don Scipio together by the ears.—O, I have it, I'll try however, here is the old gentleman coming.

[*Exit*
Enter

THE CASTLE

Enter Don Juan and Attendants.

Juan. I suppose I shall surprise my son, Don Ferdinando, and Scipio too. Tell them I am here. I hope I am time enough for the wedding.

Enter Spado.

Spado. A mighty grave looking old gentleman.

Juan. Whose dog are you?

Spado. How do you do, sir?

Juan. Why, are you a physician?

Spado. No, sir, I am poor Spado.

Juan. Then what is it to you how I do—where is your master? What the devil, is this his hospitality when he hears—when he hears I'm here.

Spado. Hears! O poor gentleman his misfortune.

Juan. Is he married?

Spado. Married! No, sir.

Juan. Is he in his senses?

Spado. He has nearly lost one.

Juan. I wou'd speak to him.

Spado. You must speak very loud.

Juan. Is he deaf?

Spado. Aye, poor old gentleman, he can scarce hear one word.

Juan. Poor old fellow, is not that my son yonder? [*Exit.*

Spado. Now if I can but set the two old ones together, I shall have a quarrel between them. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Scipio with Spado.

Scip. I hope he has not heard of his son's pranks.

Spado. [*Aside.*] No, his hearing is so bad, I've been bellowing to him this half hour, he can scarce hear one word. You may try what you can do, but you must bellow like a speaking trumpet.

Enter

Enter Don Juan.

Scip. Bellow! Ha, Don Juan, you are very welcome to my house.

Juan. (*Aside*) It is very strange that deaf men always speak so loud! I'm very glad to see you, Don Scipio!

Scip. When they are deaf themselves, they fancy every body else is so too. How long have you been this way?

Juan. Just arriv'd.

Scip. I mean at your hearing.

Juan. Yes, I find its very bad with you; zounds! I shall roar myself as hoarse as a raven.

Scip. You are welcome to my house; (*aside*) but I wish you had staid at home, I find I must speak to him by signs, my lungs won't hold out. (*makes signs.*)

Juan. What the devil! have you lost your tongue too?

Enter Servant.

Scip. You may speak out, nobody can hear but me.

Juan. What! is this cursed old fellow, your master, going to be married?

Serv. Sir, Don Ferdinando wants to speak with you.

Scip. I wish he would come and speak to his old block-head of a father—Don Juan, you'll soon see your son as great an ass as yourself.

Juan. Zounds, are you not deaf? you old rascal you'll find me a very tyger—you old—

Enter Ferdinando, Victoria, and Isabella.

Ferd. What! my father.

Scip. What do you do with this fellow?

Vi&. He is my husband.

Scip. What! that rascal.

Juan. What means all this? do you call my son a rascal?

Scip. Nobody is speaking of your son.

Juan. He has honour'd your family, you crack-brain'd old fellow.

Scip. A footman honour my family!

Juan.

Juan. What do you mean by that, you superannuated old fool?

Isab. What is this all about? is this really Don Ferdinando?

Juan. Do you think I don't know my own son?

Scip. Do you say so, Don Juan?

Juan. To be sure I do.

Scip. You have done a fine thing then.

Isab. And so my poor daughter has got Pedrillo then—
O what a vile plot.

Ferd. Madam, the plot was your's, which love has counteracted in justice to this injured lady.

Isab. O that villain, Spado.

Juan. That was the villain who told me you was deaf.

Scip. The very same who told me you had lost your hearing.

Ferd. And he told me you had lost your senses, Don Scipio.

Isab. And led me into this unlucky error.

Juan. Zounds, what a lying scoundrel.

Enter Spado.

Spado. (*Aside.*) I wonder how my work goes on. (*to Don Juan.*) I give you joy sir.

Juan. Yes, and I'll give you sorrow you damn'd rascal.

Scip. I'll have you hang'd you dog you.

Spado. O, that will be the death of me, sir.

Enter Pedrillo leading Lorenza.

Ped. Come along my Cara Sposa. (*aside.*) Ah,—my old master—I must brazen it out.

Juan. You rascal you, a pistol for you! I'll thrash you.

Ped. I'm going to be married to an heiress, so I must not be beat to a mummy. [*Going up to Ferdinando.*]

Ferd. Stay where you are, I don't want you.

Enter Alphonzo.

Ferd. (*To Lorenza.*) I understand Don Alphonzo has been honoured

honour'd with your partiality, I suppose you'll have no objection to give him your hand.

Lor. I blush to see him.

Alph. My dearest Lorenza.

Ped. Egad my business goes on prettily between you.

Scip. You see, Don Juan, how this business is.

Juan. Aye, and very shameful it is.

Scip. Will I give my blessing to them.

Ferd. But what will make amends for your intended breach of contract with me.

Scip. Did not I tell you I was in love.

Juan. Nothing can atone for your intention to introduce your Italian frippery into my family.

Scip. How shall I get out of this, I will revenge it all upon this rascal, Spado, here; a brace of Alguazils and handcuffs for him.

Spado. For me! I'm the best friend you ever had in the world.

Scip. How, prove it.

Spado. Was not you going to marry that lady?

Scip. Yes.

Spado. You had better not, she and I happen to be old acquaintance.

Ifab. What more lies? and do you believe him—O you villain.

Spado. Don't you know I liv'd with a certain Captain that stole off with a lady to Italy.

Ifab. Oh Don Scipio, I will find the means to silence that wretch, and you will feel the effects of it.

Spado. I think, sir, I've prov'd a friend to you.

Scip. Aye, but that sha'n't save your neck.

Spado. I think, sir, I've sav'd your honour and your throat too.

Scip. Aye, how did you do that.

Spado. There were two of the Banditti in the castle this morning, and I got them out.

Scip. How?

Spado. Why I told them they might come and cut your throat to-morrow.

Scip. That was very kind of you, I am very much obliged to you.

Spado. And you have time to get a guard ready, and give them a warm reception.

Ferd.

Ferd. And pray my little busy friend, what induced you to all this roguery on my account.

Spado Truly I wou'd have prevented your marriage with Donna Victoria, in hopes of a reward from Don Alphonzo.

Scip. You have done no great mischief after all your artifices, though I believe you are a sad dog, but as you have been the means of bringing things about in the present agreeable manner, I forgive you.

Juan. No, let me tell you, sir, I will have—[*half draws.*

Scip. And you shall have—a bottle of the best wine in all Andalusia. Here we will have flutes and hautboys, and every thing else to make us happy and our friends welcome, and we hope our good-natur'd friends will forget and forgive our defects.

GLEE.—FINALE.

Social powers at pleasure's call,
Welcome here to Hymen's hall,
Bacchus, Ceres, bless the feast,
Momus lend the sprightly jest;
Songs of joy elate the soul,
Hebe fill the flowing bowl;
Every pure and chaste delight
Crown with love this happy night.

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F I N I S.

